8. P. Papers 982

Ghent

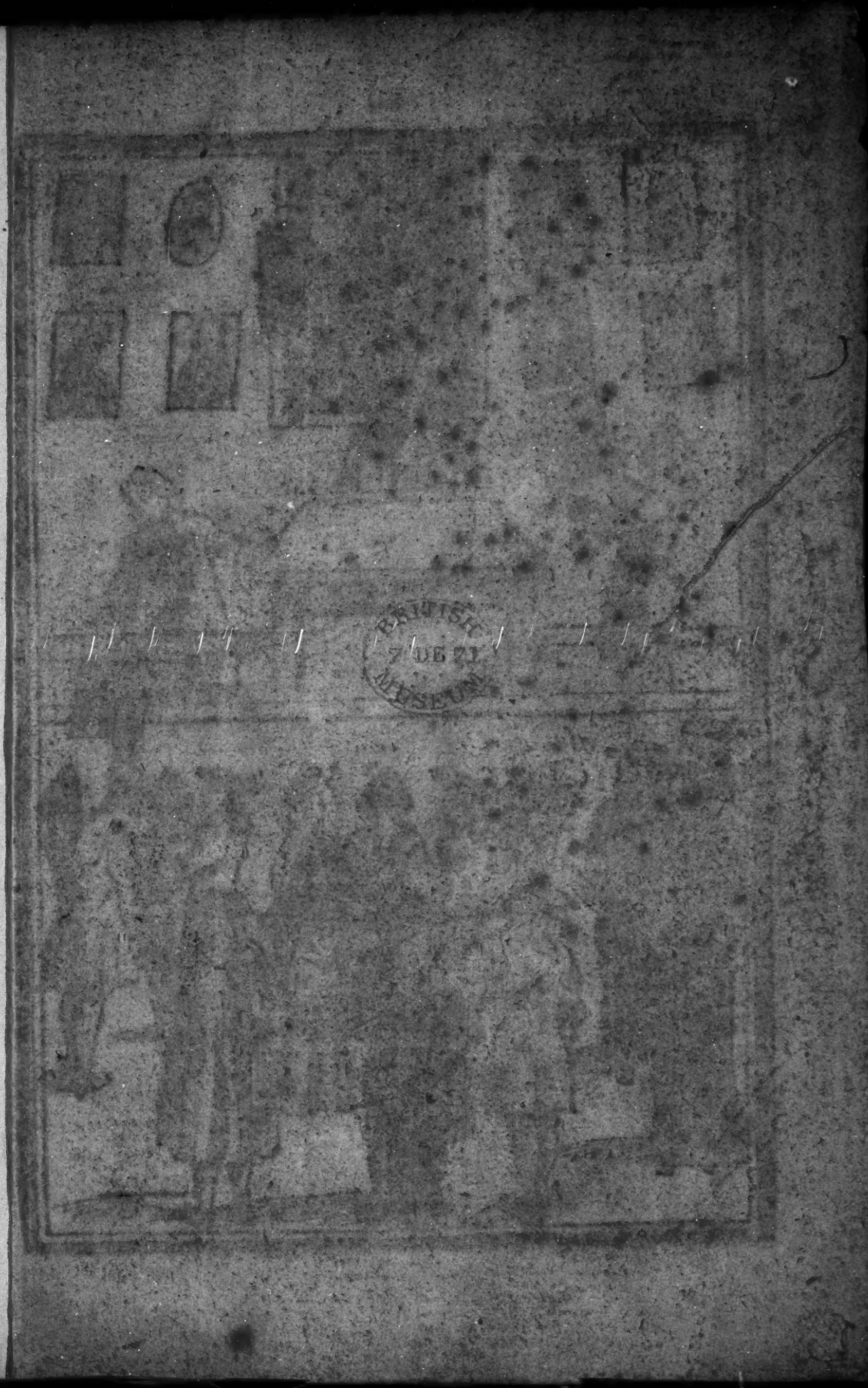
T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

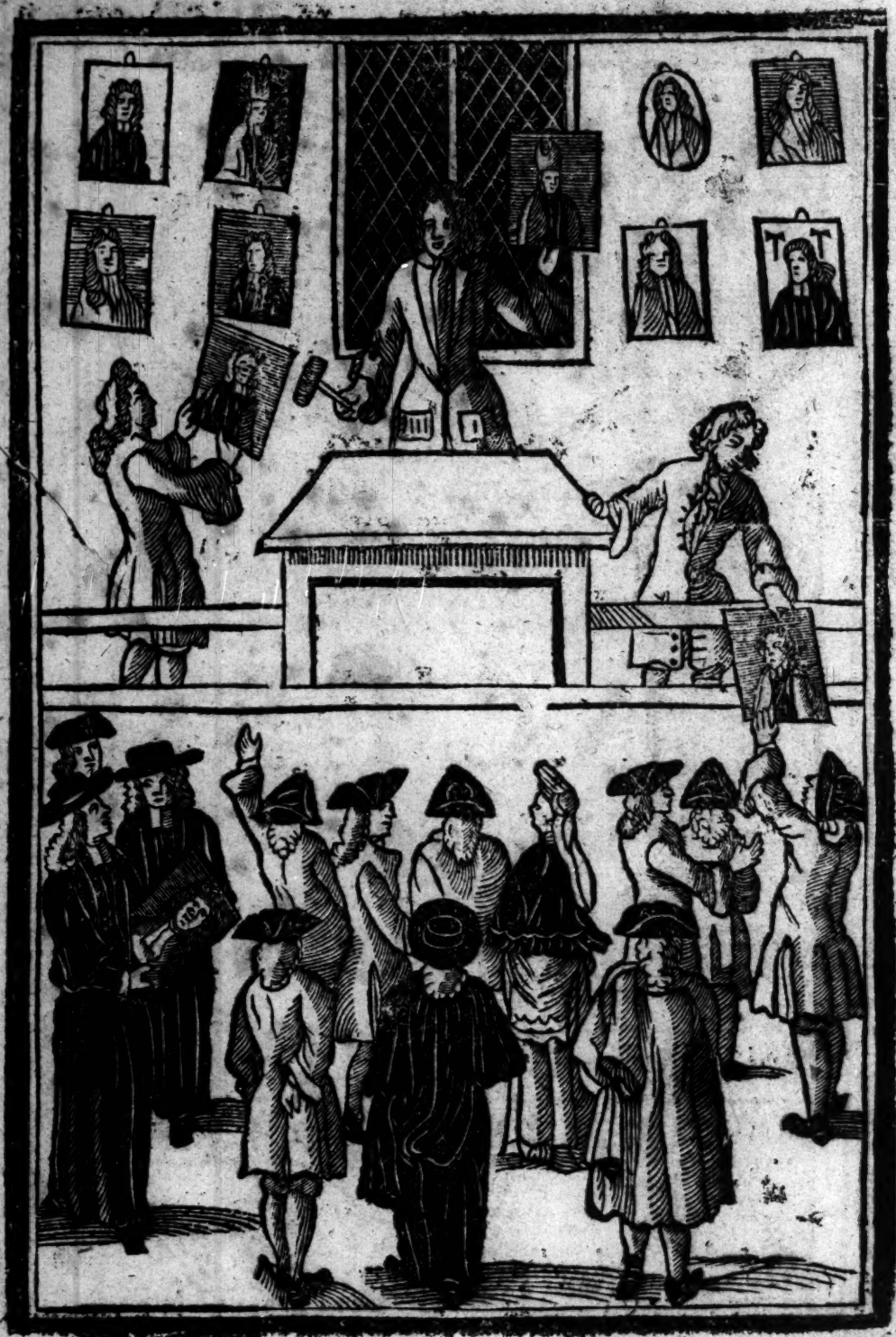
8. P. Papers 982

Ghent

T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

8138.bb 44


BRITISH
7 DE 71
MUSEUM



A N

AUCTION

O F

State Pictures;

Containing a Most

Curious COLLECTION

Of *Original Low-Church*

FACES:

Drawn Exactly to the Life

BY A

High-Church Limner.

Vos pinguam Coloribus tuis. Eraſ. Adag.

Enter'd in the Hall, according to Order.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year, M DCC X.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN AUCTION OF STATE PICTURES, &c.

SEVERAL Advertiſements *having been ſpread abroad, to give Notice on what Day the* Celebrated AUCTION *is to be kept, for the diſpoſing of many* Curious Faces of Hypocriſy *Drawn to the Life; I find by the great Number of Cuſtomers which here appear at the time appointed, that our Coſt and Pains may turn to a good Account. Therefore,* Gentlemen and Ladies, *before the Sale begins, be pleaſed to view the Pictures as they hang, for tho' they do not* hang *where* they ought, *nor were drawn by the Famous Hands of* Michael Angelo, Rubens, Holbein, Vandyke, *nor Old* Haemskirk, *yet the Limner of theſe Choice Pieces of* Low-Church Faces *is not Inferior to any Luſtful* Italian, *Foppiſh Conceited* Frenchman, *Drunken* German, *or Booriſh* Dutchman *of them all: However, I know you'll like the Pictures the better, becauſe they are the* Original Ones *of Doctor* Sacheverell's *Friends.* ///

Come GENTRY,

NOW Sit down and take your Places, for it is high Time to diſpoſe of our *Choice Ware.* We ſhall go on gradually with the Sale: Thus as

Spiritual

Spiritual Perſons are above *Temporal Ones*, we ſhall begin with the *Clergy* before the *Laity*. Look here then, here's the Picture of a *Holy Man* in jeſt, and *Hypocrite* in earneſt; Nay, view it well, for it repreſents a Noted Prelate that loves *Occaſional Conformity* as well now, as when he was *Any-Thing* at *Geneva*. And being really an Extraordinary Man in Ordinary Things, the Country will honour his Tomb after his Death with an Epitaph, alluding to that which *Cleaveland* beſtow'd on an Archbiſhop that once guided the Chief See in the North of ENGLAND.

Here YORK's *Great Metropolitan is laid,*
Who GOD's Anointed, *and his* CHURCH *betray'd.*

Well Gentlemen, what do you bid for this famous Piece? Eighteen-Pence. *Eighteen-pence* once, *Eighteen-pence* twice, *Eighteen-pence* thrice; *once, twice, thrice, Eighteen-pence? What no Body bid no more? Pray bid up Gentlemen? once, twice, thrice, it's going,* Knock. *Hand it to the Gentleman Boy, for it's an Excellent Piece for to give any Body a Stool if hung in a proper Place.*

Next, we preſent you with a Worthy Pillar of the Church, whoſe Purity of Life conſiſts chiefly in the Whiteneſs of his Lawn-Sleeves. His late *Speech* ſhews, the Embaſſadors of Heaven muſt not Preach ſome ſort of *Chriſtian* Duties, when the Intereſt of the State does not require them. Indeed it is a True Copy of the *Original*; and without doubt will be worth it's Weight in Gold amongſt the *Oxonians*; for thoſe Gentlemen will highly value the Picture for the ſake of him it repreſents, becauſe he ſtood by one of their Honourable Members of late.

Here's a valuable Picture for the Oxonians, *Come, bid up Gentlemen, I'll put it up at five Guineas, bid*

what

what you will? A Groat. *O fie, how can you undervalue your Judgment thus? Put it by, I'll make Bumfodder of it firſt.*

Now here's the Reſemblance of a careful Biſhop for his ſtudying of *Phyſick*, ſhews, he endeavours to be a Phyſician for the Body as well as the Soul; and we hear his Lordſhip ſhortly intends to Combat *Read* and *Clerk* about the couching of Cataracts, with which Infirmity (I believe) he is afflicted himſelf, or elſe his Eyes had been open'd to have ſeen how to avoid making his Honour the Inſignificant Tool of a Party, not worth regarding; when at the ſame time his own Senſe and Reaſon told him, that his giving Judgment againſt Doctor *Sacheverell* was only an Encouragement for the Church to be torn in pieces by the cruel Teeth of thoſe Ravenous Beaſts, which pretend to watch and defend her.

This famous Picture, pray put in your ſelves, and let us hear how Nobly you will bid? Ten Groats. *Juſt an Attorney's Fee, Come, Sir, bid again? May be you receiv'd two Fees to Day? Once, twice, thrice,* Ten Groats. *What? No Body bid no more; ſpeak, for I am going to knock. Here, it is yours, Sir?*

Pray Gentle Folks, behold this Effigies, upon my Word it is worth your Obſervation! Effigies did I call it? Nay, It may be a Map; but a very ſtrange one; for it places *Cumberland* the very Northermoſt County of *England* at *Peterborough*, a Town in *Northamptonſhire*. Truly the Poſition muſt be falſe, but as there's nothing infallible under the Sun, why may not a down-right Schollar wear the *Mitre* as well as a Good Divine? And again, as downright Schollars employ their Brains more upon the *Deſunt multa's* of Old Claſſicks

ſicks than the Revolving Reverend Fathers, *Paſſive Obedience* and *Non-Reſiſtance* may bleed to Death, before they'll vindicate any Worthy Gentleman, which durſt aſſert the Truth of that Doctrine at any Time of Day.

Pray Gentlemen bid briskly, [Firſt Bidder] *Five Shillings. Five-ſhillings once, Five-ſhillings twice, Five ſhillings thrice.* [Second Bidder] *Seven-ſhillings. Once, twice, thrice, Seven-ſhillings: What no Body bid more.* Knock. *You have a Penny-worth Sir?*

Now, *Gentlemen and Ladies,* keep Courage in you, for here's a Picture that may frighten you; therefore, as the ſaying is, *Forewarn, forearm.* But tho' its thin Jaws and Meagre Looks may ſerve for the Reſemblance of Death drawn to the Life, yet is it only the Repreſentation of an Holy Man, mortified much with the Cares of this World; and no ſooner graſp'd the *Croſier,* but he undertook a Pilgrimage to ſee a *Welſh* Saint. Indeed it is a very valuable Piece, was it only but to remember the Perſon repreſented, for his Zealous finding a Miniſter of the Goſpel guilty for diſcharging the Duty of his Function, in rebuking Vice and Irreligion with an honeſt and well-meant Zeal.

Come, who puts it up? What, will no Body bid any thing for it? Not a Word Gentlemen? Dont you like it? Set it by Boy.

Next, I preſent you another Gentleman, whoſe Preferment brought him to the leaſure alſo of leaving off Preaching. Thinking the Church was made but of a ſlight *Norwich* Stuff, he held it no Injuſtice to break through the Pales thereof, by piecing broken Sentences, and conjoyning diſtant and independant Paſſages, to make her Paſtors ſpeak Treaſon whether they would or no. *Here*

Here, Gentlemen and Ladies, *let me ſee who bids moſt.* Ten Shillings.---*Ten ſhillings once, Ten ſhillings twice.---Twelve Shillings, once, twice, thrice, Twelve ſhillings. What, no more; pray view it, for its done by a good Hand. Twelve and Six-pence. Once, twice, thrice, Twelve and Six-pence, no more; 'tis going,* Knocks. *It's yours Sir?*

Here now is the Picture of one of the Props of the Church that looks upon Doctor *Sacheverell* as the *D——l look'd over* Lincoln. It is a true Copy of him. But why ſhould he be ſo angry with this Gentleman? I know not, unleſs it was for declaring, *That the Church is not in the leaſt Peril, or Adverſity from her Majeſty's Adminiſtration*, to whom ſhe always was, is, and will be a moſt Affectionate Nurſing-Mother: But that the Church is in great Danger, through that Deluge of Prophanneſs and Immorality which overſpreads the whole Kingdom; beſides the Variety and growing Strength of thoſe Schiſms which weaken and divide the People; and of thoſe *Hertodox Opinions* and *Damnable Hereſies*, which are Daily Publiſhed and Propogated amongſt us. Inſomuch that (to uſe a few Words more of Doctor *Sachevevell*'s, as I have done already in this particular Character) "Never was "the Divine Authority of the HOLY SCRIPTURES "ſo Arraign'd and Ridicul'd; Never were *Infi-* "*delity* and *Atheiſm* it ſelf ſo impudent and bare- "fac'd; Never were ſuch Horrid Blaſphemies "Printed in any *Chriſtian* State from the Foun- "dation of *Chriſtianity* to this Day.

What do you bid for this. Eighteen Shillings. *Eighteen ſhillings once, Eighteen ſhillings twice, Eighteen ſhillings thrice; Pray bid up? What, all mute? Eighteen ſhillings, 'tis going.* Knocks.

We have done with the *Pillars of the Church*, if one may call them ſo without a Breach of the Truth; and now *Gentlemen and Ladies*, I am come to a Set of Temporal Lords. Look here, here's the Picture of an Eminent Lord playing at *Hooper's Hide* with Religion. But truly a Man may run from hence to *Halliſax* in *Yorkſhire* before he finds it. So it is no Wonder that he ſhould be extreamly rigorous againſt a Faithful *Divine*, who hath not only taken the *Oaths of Allegiance* to her *Moſt Sacred Majeſty* QUEEN ANNE, but alſo that of *Abjuration* againſt the *Pretender*. Therefore by his preaching the Doctrine of *Non-Reſiſtance*, it is moſt apparent (as he ſays himſelf in his Speech to his Judges) that the Government which he perſwaded his Auditors not to reſiſt, is the *preſent Government*; and upon this he humbly conceiv'd, that the preſent Government coul'd never be overturn'd, if it be never reſiſted.

This looks as if it would pleaſe you, pray bid up? A Guinea. *Once, twice, thrice, a Guinea, no more?* Five and Twenty Shillings. *Five and twenty ſhillings once, Five and twenty ſhillings twice, Five and twenty ſhillings thrice.* Thirty Shillings. *Come, bid on pray? 'tis a going at Thirty ſhillings, no more.* Knock. *It is yours Madam?*

Now look here good People, pray view this Piece; Nay, I deſire you to behold this Picture with both Eyes; upon my Word it is very like a Lord that lov'd dearly to ſee *Warwick*, for they that have ſeen it, do ſay is is a very fine Town. But before I go to give you his true Character, give me leave to make an Exclamation, and cry out, What excellent *Chymiſtry* is there in ſuch deluded Nobility, which can extract a *Spirit of Honour* out of the very *Dunghil of Unworthineſs!*

There-

Therefore he is a very ſuitable Man for the Cauſe in Agitation. I muſt needs ſay the fortunate Succeſs which he hath had in his Sins, make him only repent that he hath practiced them no ſooner; but at laſt ſeeing his Folly, he became a good Penitent, that the taking away of Religious Pretences, made him ſorry for nothing but that he was no earlier an *Hypocrite*.

Here Lad ſet this Picture by, for I ſee all the Company looks aſkew at it?

Here then is another Choice Picture, it is very near a Kin to an Heroick Gentleman, who, with the Aſſiſtance of another Perſon, made ſhift to perform the Dangerous Exploit of turning the Neck of a poor Page behind him in the *Stone Gallery* at *Whitehall*, before it was burnt down. So all as I have to ſay of this Noble Gentleman, is, that at beſt, I believe, he was no Competent Judge of deciding whether or no Doctor *Sacheverell* had wickedly wreſted divers Texts of Scripture to a wrong Senſe, by reaſon it is ſuppoſed his Profeſſion as well as his Studies did not qualify him for that Purpoſe

This Picture will pleaſe I hope; Come bid like People of Judgment. Twelve Shillings. *Once, twice, thrice, Twelve Shillings.* [Second Bidder] *Fifteen ſhillings. Fifteen ſhillings once, Fifteen ſhillings twice, Fifteen ſhillings thrice, 'tis going.* Knocks. *Hand it to the Gentleman, Boy?*

Pray view this Picture very well, indeed it is a choice Piece, an exact Copy of the *Original*. It reſembles a very honeſt Lord that ſhew'd a great deal of Heat and Paſſion, as much for the ſake of Prejudice as Principles againſt a Gentleman, becauſe his Loyalty incited him to let the World

ſee that he never had any Deſign to undermine [by his Doctrine] and ſubvert her Majeſty's Government, nor the *Proteſtant Succeſſion as by Law Eſtabliſhed*; but plainly manifeſted his ſincere Intention of exerting his beſt Endeavours for their Security. However this Noble Man went beyond Sea, and I hope he is return'd a better *Chriſtian* than he went.

Come, what will you put it in at? Ten Shillings. *Once, twice, thrice, Ten ſhillings. What, no more, be quick pray, for its hardly worth my while to ſpend my Breath after it.* Knocks. *It's yours Madam?*

Next let your Eyes ſtedfaſtly behold this Noble *Tarpaulin*, that knows as well how to tell Money over a Grid-Iron as any Man whatſoever. See how nimbly he tells it; but only that which tumbles thro' is all his own. However he was a competent Perſon enough to make any Scruple about Doctor *Sacheverell*'s Faith and honeſt Principles; for as a vain Oſtentation and ſimple vanity make up his very Eſſence; ſo can nothing but Wonder and Shame compoſe his Character.

This will pleaſe you I hope Gentlemen. [Firſt Bidder] *Fifteen Shillings. Once, twice,* [Second Bidder] 16 *ſhillings. Once, twice, thrice* 16 *ſhillings.* [Third Bidder] 17 *ſhillings.* 17 *ſhillings once.* [Fourth Bidder] 18 *ſhillings. Once, twice,* 18 *ſhillings, 'tis going.* Knocks. *Hand it down Boy?*

Now, *Gentlemen and Ladies*, here's the Picture of a Worthy Spark that was born in a Country where the People have ſuch a great Veneration for Butter, that they ſwear it is good for every thing but ſtopping of Ovens. Look upon it well, for really it is very well drawn; every Stroak and Touch of this Piece, upon my Word is very curious

curious and fine. He is drawn with as much Life and Vigour in his Face, as if he was going to take another Interview with Mareſchal *Boufflers*. This Perſon was very Zealous in the Cauſe againſt our Faithful Paſtor: But if you would come acquainted with his Pedigree let as diminutive Thoughts as ye pleaſe be your Herald, and it will be ſufficient to tell you, he was the Son of the Lord knows who, for his mean Extraction ſhews his Riſe is the very *Apex* or *Top* of all his worthy Progenitors.

What do you think of this, put it in at what you will? Will no Body ſpeak; ſet it by Boy, for I ſee they don't reliſh Dutch *Ware.*

Now Gentlemen and Ladies prepare your Eyes with Admiration again, to look on a Picture endued with ſeveral great Qualities, for though it is not drawn with an audible Voice, yet it is very like the Party repreſented: Nay, for all here is no nauſeous Smell of *Leeks*, *Red-Herrings*, or *Toaſted Cheeſe*, yet it the True Copy of a *Welſh* Gentleman, whoſe Task is ever to be doing, nothing to a good, but much to a bad, or no purpoſe. He was indeed a fit Perſon for a particular Party, becauſe his Literature being equivolent to a *Country Apothecary*'s, that can ſcarce read the *Superſcriptions* on his *Gally-Pots*, or an *Ignorant Quack*'s that cannot tell how to conſtrue *Recipe*; his Honour was mightily qualified to judge of a Cauſe which requir'd all the moſt Critical and ſoundeſt Learning in the World to decide. 'Tis true he may ridicule Learned Men as much as he pleaſes; but by the way I muſt humbly beg leave to tell him in their behalf, That tho' Arms or Deſcent hath carried away the Kingdom, yet Learning hath carried the *Prieſthood*, which is, and ever

ever hath been, in ſome Competition with *Empire.*

This Picture is to be ſet by for a particular Gentleman; Put it down Boy, for I dont ſee my Company inclinable for it.

Here now I preſent you with another Picture; but whoever buys it muſt uſe it very gingerly, becauſe if you ſhould by any Accident come to any Miſchance, it may be a means of tearing the *Land-a-ſunder.* I don't know how this Honourable Perſon may look of late; but when he ſat to have his Picture drawn, he ſo much imitated other ſolemn Fops, who are not only incapable of Reaſon, but inſenſible alſo of Wit, that he was alſo looking grave, in hopes to be thought a Man of Buſineſs. But for all this Defect of his looking grave, becauſe your graveſt Bird is an Owl, and your graveſt Beaſt an Aſs, yet have I that Charity for his Honour, as to wiſh him ſo conformable to the Orthodox Faith, that the Church may ſtill receive her own with Uſury; then might *England* yet have the Face of *England*; and his Lordſhip deſerve the Name not only of a good Subject, but alſo of a good *Chriſtian.* Indeed it is a True Copy of the *Original*, for whom I have ſuch a value, that he will not reject my Advice of letting the graver Notions of God and Goodneſs be infuſed to early into him, ſince I can poſitively aſſure him, that it will not make his Honour look old before his Time; nor will the Virtuous look upon his Choice as thoſe Wrinkles and Furrows which may deform the freſh Cheeks of Youth.

Now Gentleman pray bid heartily for this is a Choice Picture. Fourpence. Fie for ſhame? I find you have no Reſpect for this Picture, once, twice, thrice, a Great.

Groat, What? no more? Knocks. *Pox on the Picture, let it go.*

Gentlemen and Ladies, pray obſerve this Picture well, really it is very like a Soldier croſſing the Seas and *Rivers* to have a Tryal of Skill with a Clergyman; for you know *Mercury* and *Mars* could never yet ſaddle their Horſes right together. Nevertheleſs dont diſlike the Piece for the Soldier's ill Quality of not likeing any part of the *Lord's-Prayer*, excepting this, *Give us our Daily Bread:* For you ſee his Honour is painted in a very genteel Dreſs; nay in ſuch fine Apparel is he trickt up, that you'll be apt to ſwear, if it is like the Original, that he wears his Heaven upon his Back, which if ſo, 'tis much to be fear'd that you ſee as much of it there, as ever he ſhall, unleſs he'll be better reconcil'd to his Conſcience, which at preſent ſtands tottering upon the Unſetledneſs of his own Brains.

Here is a fine Picture, come bid up? [Firſt Bidder] *6 ſhillings. Once, twice, thrice, 6 ſhillings; it's a valuable Picture if you knew all; Once, twice, thrice, ſix ſhillings, 'tis going.* [Second Bidder] 10 *ſhillings.* 10 *ſhillings once,* 10 *ſhillings twice,* 10 *ſhillings thrice.* [Third Bidder] 15 *ſhillings. Once, twice, thrice,* 15 *ſhillings, 'tis going.* Knocks.

Now I preſent you with a Choice Picture that is very like the Earl it is made for; nay as like him as if it had been ſpit out of his very Mouth. He is a Gentleman that by the Inſpiration, as 'tis thought, of *Darby-Ale*, made ſhift to ſpeak as well as the reſt of his Brethren, to the purpoſe againſt a worthy *Levite*, that durſt complement Lions, hug Flames, or feel the moſt dreadful Tortures of Perſecution, in Defence of the Church of

England's

England: Therefore a mimical Tone, a Fantaſtick Action, a couchant Senſe, and a Phraſe rampant, which now quarter the Coats of our Nobility, cou'd not daunt the Doctor's Courage, and make him recede from that Religion and Loyal Principles which he as piouſly ſuckt in with good Literature from meer Infancy.

I perceive this Picture dont pleaſe your Kidney, ſet it by Boy for a Low-Church-Man.

Next we have a Picture to diſpoſe of, which reſembles a Perſon that was as great with Doctor *Sacheverell*'s Enemies, as the D--l and the Earl of *Kent*, as the ſaying is. Truly it is a very valuable Piece, becauſe it is very like a Gentleman that has only ſo much of *Chriſtianity* as may ſave his Credit in this World, I will not ſwear whether it may ſave the moſt precious Part of him in the other.

This runs againſt the Grain too, put it by Boy, it will ſerve a Diſſenter, he will leap at it.

Now, *Gentlemen and Ladies*, look here's the Picture of a Duke that is the eldeſt Son of one of *Jack Patridge*'s Martyrs. All the World knows what Perſons that Fellow Canonizes; moſt of his Saints were for choaking up all Breathings of true Religion and Piety, that they might bring a glorious Church and flouriſhing Kingdom to a very low and ruinous Condition. But not to trouble our ſelves to much with the baſe Principles of that Aſtrological Scoundrel, let's view this Picture well, for it is very like the Original Copy, which loves the moſt beloved and plauſible Vices ſhould paſs current and unqueſtioned for Virtues.

Well Gentlemen what do you put this conjuring Picture at? [Firſt Bidder] *a Guinea. Once, twice, thrice, one Guinea, no more?* [Second Bidder] 20 *Guineas.*

Guineas. Knocks. *Faith you have bought it; I'll warrant you ſome Gameſter, becauſe you love the Bubbles Picture ſo well.*

But pray behold this Picture with Serioufueſs, for it is a Duke that bears a great Poſt in the Army at home; it is drawn admirably well to the Life. See how earneſtly he is at kick and cuff with Religion, which he values no more than the reſt of his Martial Profeſſion do: By his Grace's Character we may plainly perceive, that the greateſt Perſons do not always prove the moſt affectionate and natural to their Mother the *Church*, which might prove diſconſolate enough, had ſhe not ſuch Children as Doctor *Sacheverell*, to ſtand by her. But now I think on't again, if to be rich without Goodneſs, if to diſſemble be the high way to be Sainted, and to be great the ſole Felicity, which terminates the Hopes, and muſt crown the Endeavours of a Chriſtian, why then hath the Church more loving Sons than I thought of.

Come pray bid up, you would not have me put it down ſure. Three Shillings and Six-pence. *Once, twice, thrice, Three ſhillings and ſix pence, what, no more? Becauſe a Soldier's Picture, you'll bid but Soldiers Pay, well take it.* Knocks.

Next view this Picture very well, it reſembles a very generous Duke, who is ſuch a provident Man, that he is content to hear of glorifying God, till you come to tell him he muſt do it with his Suſtance; but then it becomes an hard ſaying, and he'll hear you of that at a more convenient Time, perhaps he means it on his Death-Bed. You will have much ado to convince him of the Truth of the Apoſtle's Propoſition, *That Godlineſs is great Gain*, unleſs you will grant him that this is a Logical

gical Converſion, and not to be queſtion'd but, *That great Gain is Godlineſs*

What no Body bid any thing for this Picture, I think you all look as ſtingy as the Perſon it repreſents? Well Boy ſet it by.

Now here is a rare Picture, worth your Money if you give ever ſo much for it. Upon my word it is the true Copy of a prudent Lord that knows how much he's oblig'd not to *deny Chriſt before Men*, and to give an Account of his Faith to ſuch as demand it of him; but then he produces a Text which tells him of Days wherein the *Prudent ſhall keep ſilence*; and theſe Days (I imagine) he ſuppoſes ſtill preſent, whenſoever his Perſon or Eſtate may be endanger'd by an open Heart, or an ingenious Tongue. Pray look upon the Picture well, it is very like the Perſon that will be ready to ſuffer Perſecution for the Goſpel of *Chriſt*; and, with St. *Paul*, to be bound, and to dye; but this muſt only be when his Prudence is at a Loſs; and he can find out no way juſt or unjuſt to avoid all this Tribulation.

Come put this Picture up. Twenty-Pence. *That's but Taylor's Wages, but you have luboured hard I ſuppoſe for ſomething to grace your Garret. Once, twice, thrice, what no more, then take it Pricklouſe.*

Now ſee here's another pretty Picture, which I aſſure you is very well done to the Life. See how Natural it appears! See how well the white Stick is drawn in his Hand! Upon my word it is a very choice Piece! I am ſure Religion does not much diſturb his Breaſt; therefore it is ſuppos'd that *Intereſt* can make him alſo think neither *Church* nor *State* worth its Regarding; but can with dry Eyes behold *Both Veſſels* ſplit at once, and in the mean time flatter himſelf up with the ſad Hopes of enriching his *Ambition* by the *Miſe-*

ry Wrack. This

This ſure will pleaſe you, pray bid up for it. Ten Guineas. *Once, twice, thric.* Fifteen. 15 *Guineas once,* 15 *Guineas twice,* 15 *Guineas thrice.* Twenty Guineas. *I like you now Gentlemen, you bid as though you had all the Credit of the Nation in your own Hands.* Forty Guineas. *Once, twice, thrice, no more, You have bought it Sir,* Knocks.

Here, *Gentlemen and Ladies,* is a *choice Picture,* very like the Perſon it repreſents. See, *Good People,* he's playing at *Bo-peep* with his *Conſcience,* and cramming *Religion* into a *Purſe.* He is a *Gentleman* that is as *Stout* as his Brother in any Cauſe: And if you would know his full Character call him any thing but what he would be call'd, and you can hardly miſcall him: for indeed he is almoſt any thing but what he would be thought to be.

You miſtake Boy, the Gentlemen dont like this, I can ſell it to a Quaker.

See here's then the Picture of two Perſons of *Quality* together, which is really a very fine Piece; and the reaſon that we do not part theſe *two Gentleman,* is, becauſe they are a a couple of *jolly Lads,* born of a couple of honeſt *Women* as ever delighted in *Carnal Copulation* without *Matrimony.* I proteſt they are two Religious Gentlemen, who, when they hear of an Eternal Sabbath of Reſt, for all thoſe that go to Heaven, they are *almoſt* perſwaded to become *Chriſtians*; yet are they in a *great ſtraight betwixt two,* for though they love their reſt too well, yet they hate the very Name of *Sabbath,* much more, eſpecially when they hear St. *John* telling them, *That the Angels and glorified Saints never ceaſe Day nor Night from praiſing God.*

I hope you will bid up for theſe. Two Shillings and Six Pence. *Once, twice, thrice Two and Six Pence, they are yours, away with them.*

Now

Now here's the Picture of half a ſcore of *North Britains*, drawn very well to the Life : Obſerve how they are buffiting the *Canonical Robe* about. But ſo bravely ſtood *Doctor* SACHEVERELL to the *Text*, that Nobly plucking up his *Courage*, he made it appear to the World, *That he durſt yet own a God in deſpight of* Atheiſm *and* Blaſphemy, *and ſtand up for his* Church *in Oppoſition to* Schiſm *and* Sacriledge. *That he hath a* Spirit *above the reach of* Swords, *and a* Soul *not to be out-braved by the* Terrors of the Grave, *nor blown out of his* Body *with the proud and threatning Breath of thoſe that can but ſeem Mighty. He hath plainly let it been ſeen that he hath eſpouſed a* Religion *which has Majeſty enough to daunt* Nebuchadnezzar *with the hotteſt Furnace in his Mouth ; and an* Holy Zeal *which (as the brighter* Sun-Beams *do upon the fainter Light of a* Candle) *can prey upon, and conſume to nothing the moſt ſcorching Flames of* Perſecutions. ——— Thus, *Gentlemen and Ladies*, as it is high time to break up now, I ſhall conclude with wiſhing *Queen* ANNE long to Reign over us, and that it is Her Majeſty's Endeavour to make Her Subjects as Happy, as Her Reign is Glorious, Let Us without Diſtinction of Parties, love one another, be of what Perſwaſion they will, with that pure *Moderation* which comes all True *Chriſtians* to Embrace.

Come Gentlemen, I'll uſe you well for this Parcel, I want to be rid of them. Four Pence. *(that is the Price for a King) Once, twice, thrice, a Groat ? What no more.* Fifty pounds. *I ſuppoſe you mean* Scotch *Pounds, no* Engliſh, *you are a good Chap.* I'll Knock.

Thus have I ſold theſe **Pictures** which do *ſhow*,
What *Hatred* to our *Church* ſome **Peers** did *owe*.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 7 DE 71